

DEATH SCENES: ROMEO, PYRAMUS, JULIET AND THISBE

Romeo and Juliet 5.3.91-120

ROMEO

O my love, my wife,
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.
Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O, you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love.

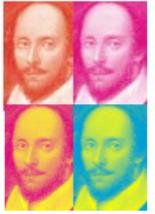
Drinking

O true apothecary,

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Dies

A Midsummer Night's Dream 5.1.287-322



Pyramus

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright,
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.

But stay! O spite!

But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see!

How can it be!

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good—

What, stained with blood?

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum,

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

...

Come, tears, confound!

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop.

Pyramus stabs himself.

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead;

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky.

Tongue, lose thy light!

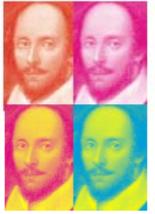
Moon take thy flight!

Moonshine exits.

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Pyramus falls.

Romeo and Juliet 5.3.153-175



JULIET

O comfortable Friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

...

What's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end—
O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after! I will kiss thy lips.
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make die with a restorative.

She kisses him.

Thy lips are warm!

...

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger,
This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die.

She takes Romeo's dagger, stabs herself, and dies.

A Midsummer Night's Dream 5.1.341-364

Thisbe

Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead? Dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,



This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone!
Lovers, make moan;
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me
With hands as pale as milk.
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word!
Come, trusty sword,
Come, blade, my breast imbrue!

Thisbe stabs herself.

And, farewell, friends.
Thus Thisbe ends.

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Thisbe falls.